

Christs Teares over *Jerusalem*.

O R,

A Caveat for *England*, to call to God for Mercy, lest we
be plagued for our contempt and wickednesse.

Jesus Christ

To the tune of *The Merchants*



Vhen Christ our Lord drew nigh
unto *Jerusalem*,
For seeing all the miseries
the which should fall on them:
And casting of his lookes,
upon that beauteous *Tolome*,
For very griefe the bitter teares
from his faire eyes fell downe.
Repent faire *England* now,
repent while thou hast space,
And doe not like *Jerusalem*
despise Gods proffered grace.

Alas *Jerusalem*,
Jerusalem (quoth he)
Which kil'd the Prophets of the Lord,
when they were sent to thee:
How often times would I
have kept thee from all ill.
Even as the Hen her Chickens keepe,
but thou wert stubborn still.

Oh that thou hadst but knowne,
at least in that thy day,
The things which did concerne thy peace,
but now 'tis hid away:
Pea from thine eyes 'tis hid,
thou shalt not see the same,
And for thy sorowes coming on,
thy selfe doe onely blame.

Therefore the dayes shall come,
thy enemies shall rise,
And trench thee in on every side,
regarding not thy cries:
Thy strong and stately Towers,
in wrath they shall confound,
And make thy sumptuous buildings all,
ye equall with the ground.

And such shall be their rage,
they shall not leave in thee

One stone upon another stone,
which shall not spoiled be:
Because thou knewest not
the seasonable day,
Wherein the Lord did visit thee,
to wash thy sinnes away.

Thus Christ without the *Tolome*
did weep for their distresse,
While they within triumph in sinne,
and use all wickednesse;
So whit they would believe
the words that he did say,
But enviously did practise still
to take his life away.

He mourn'd and wept full sore,
to thinke upon their smart,
While they full stout did goe about
to pierce his tender heart;
And for his paines they stript him,
and whipt him thorow the *Tolome*,
And with a wreath of prickling thornes,
his holy head did crowne.

They scoff and laught at him,
they darst him on the face:
They call'd him gracious Lord and King
in flouting and disgrace:
And thorow his hands and feet
they nailed him to the Crosse,
Between two lewd and wicked thieves;
but few lament his losse.

They gave him for to drinke,
Sharpe vinegar and gall,
And with a speare they pierc'd his side,
till his heart blood did fall:
Not patiently and milde,
he suffered every thing,
And pray'd his Father not to charge
them with this grievous sinne.

Christs Teares over *Jerusalem*.

O R,

A Caveat for *England*, to call to God for Mercy, lest we
be plagued for our contempt and wickednesse.

Jesus Christ

To the tune of *The Merchants*



Vhen Christ our Lord drew nigh
unto *Jerusalem*,
For seeing all the miseries
the which should fall on them:
And casting of his lookes,
upon that beauteous *Tolome*,
For very griefe the bitter teares
from his faire eyes fell downe.
Repent faire *England* now,
repent while thou hast space,
And doe not like *Jerusalem*
despise Gods proffered grace.

Alas *Jerusalem*,
Jerusalem (quoth he)
Which kil'd the Prophets of the Lord,
when they were sent to thee:
How often times would I
have kept thee from all ill.
Even as the Hen her Chickens keepes,
but thou wert stubborn still.

Oh that thou hadst but knowne,
at least in that thy day,
The things which did concerne thy peace,
but now 'tis hid away:
Pea from thine eyes 'tis hid,
thou shalt not see the same,
And for thy sorowes coming on,
thy selfe doe onely blame.

Therefore the dayes shall come,
thy enemies shall rise,
And trench thee in on every side,
regarding not thy cries:
Thy strong and stately Towers,
in wrath they shall confound,
And make thy sumptuous buildings all,
ye equall with the ground.

And such shall be their rage,
they shall not leave in thee

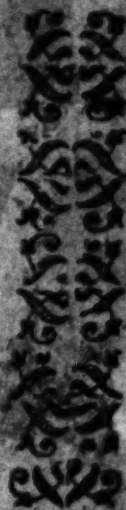
One stone upon another stone,
which shall not spoiled be:
Because thou knewest not
the seasonable day,
Wherein the Lord did visit thee,
to wash thy sinnes away.

Thus Christ without the *Tolome*
did weep for their distresse,
While they within triumph in sinne,
and use all wickednesse;
So whit they would believe
the words that he did say,
But enviously did practise still
to take his life away.

He mourn'd and wept full sore,
to thinke upon their smart,
While they full stout did goe about
to pierce his tender heart;
And for his paines they stript him,
and whipt him thorow the *Tolome*,
And with a wreath of prickling thornes,
his holy head did crowne.

They scoff and laught at him,
they darst him on the face:
They call'd him gracious Lord and King
in flouting and disgrace:
And thorow his hands and feet
they nailed him to the Crosse,
Between two lewd and wicked thieves;
but few lament his losse.

They gave him for to drinke,
Sharpe vinegar and gall,
And with a speare they pierc'd his side,
till his heart blood did fall:
Yet patiently and milde,
he suffered every thing,
And pray'd his Father not to charge
them with this grievous sinne.



When thus they had dispatch
the living Lord of life,
Full safely then they thought themselves
from sorrow, care and strife:
But within few yeeres space,
as Christ before had told;
The mighty Emperour of Rome,
came there with courage bold.

And with a mighty host,
he did bessege them round,
By sword and famine ere he went,
he did them quite confound:
Pigs, Dogs and Cats they ate,
Wice, Kats and every thing:
For want of food, their Infants young,
unto the Pot they bring.

So pittie could they finde,
at this their enemies hand,
But fier, sword, and cruell death,
before them still did stand:
Their famous City faire,
he set upon a flame.
And burnt their Temple unto dust,
that stood within the same.

And those that scap'd the sword,
and fury of his hand,
He made them slaves and bond-men all
within a foraine Land.
Thus faire Jerusalem,
was cast unto the ground,
For their great sinne and wickednesse
the Lord did it confound.

Awake, England, I say,
rise from the sleep of sinne,
Cast off the great security,
which thou hast lived in:
The God hath often cal'd,
and offer'd thee his grace,
His messengers have shewne his will
to thee in every place.

Great wonders hath he shewne,
to thee by Sea and Land,
And sent strange tokens in the ayre,
to make thee understand:

He is offended sore
at thy great wickednesse,
And that except thou dost repent,
the plagues shall be expresse.

Remember how of late
the Spaniard thee assaile,
And how of Gods especiall power
they ne're a whit prebail'd:
And all was for to try
if thou wouldest sinne forsake,
And to an upright holy life,
thy selfe at last betake.

But some hast thou forgot
his favour in the same,
Which afterwards most grievously
his wrath did so inflame,
That then he plagued thee
with pestilence and death,
Whereby in Country and in Towne
a number lost their breath.

Yet wilt thou not forsake
thy wickednesse and ill,
But in thy pride and covetousnesse,
thou dost continue still.
Provoke not God to wrath,
with thy most loathsome sinne,
But speedily t'amend thy life,
by prayers now begin.

And therefore now England,
at last for mercy cry,
And grieve the Lord thy God no more
through thine iniquity,
Lest he forsake thee quite,
and turne away his face,
Because like to Jerusalem,
thou dost despise his grace.
Repent therefore O England,
repent while thou hast space,
And doe not like Jerusalem,
despise Gods proffered grace.

FINIS.

Printed at London for Henry Gosson,
living upon London Bridge.